

P. O. E. M. S.

FROM THE

ARABIC and PERSIAN;

WITH NOTES

ASHLEY



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THE AUTHOR OF GEBIR.



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## PREFACE.

I AM uncertain, and I am heedless, whether the public at large will receive with favor a performance ill calculated to irritate or to surprise. At a time when the total slavery, or the total emancipation, of mankind, are the objects of cold indifference, or of mere conversational curiosity, it is barely possible that supineness will be awakened by the feeble echo of a foreign song. Some poems have reached the continent, I believe in number not exceeding nine, represented as translations from the Arabic and Persian. Ignorant of both these languages, I shall not assert their authenticity. The few that I ever have met with are *chiefly* the odes of Hafez. In these, and in all the others, I observed that the final stanza contained *invariably* the poet's name. If this be peculiar to the Persian, as I think I remember it is said to be, then these must not be genuine or not be odes. In my opinion, it is quite sufficient, if, without the fatigue of travelling over a dry uninteresting waste of perhaps some hundred pages, the public be presented, whether from *Egypt* or from *France*, with a new and rich collection of undistorted images. And as these translations have afforded *some* pleasure to those who have read them, though perhaps no language is less capable than the French of transmitting with adequate spirit the charms of original poetry, I shall hesitate no longer to send them on, accompanied with my own observations.



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# ADDRESS TO THE VINE.

## FROM THE PERSIAN.

O THOU that delightest in the gardens of Schiraz,  
And bathest with coyness in her canopied streams!

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<sup>a</sup> I shall only observe of this address to the vine, that it challenges any one which courts the same mistress.

<sup>b</sup> The country round Schiraz is fertile in vines, and is watered by the rivulet Mosella. The "bathing with coyness, &c." is highly, but perspicuously metaphorical; and is one of those, *few perhaps*, passages in the *gazel* to which even the most timid taste finds no objection. For, a taste which has once been accustomed to the delicacies of Athens and of Rome, will naturally loathe the heady spirits and high-seasoned garbage of Barbarians. It must surely result from the weakest or from the most perverted understanding, that the *gazel* has ever been preferred to the pure and almost perfect, though utterly dissimilar, pieces of Anacreon and Tibullus. Anacreon was the master, Tibullus the slave, of Love, and while the orientals are engaged in perplexing us, the classics have seized his arrows, and exercise a portion of his power.

I should be ashamed to be numbered with those enthusiasts, who diminish the merit of western poetry, by deriving so much of it from the east. Voyages had given Homer, and libraries had given Theocritus, access to these copious and undisputed springs: but their waters were useless to Anacreon. If a resemblance be found in him to any Asiatic, it will not establish against the one, or the other, a proof of imitation. It is strange, if in the multitude of ideas which arise incessantly on the mind, none ever should strike, in the lapse of ages, the congenial fancy of two. Are we obliged to suppose the existence of a third person,

— — "a quo, ceu fonte perenni,

Vatum Pierüs ora rigantur aquis."

Even those who imagine that Anacreon and Hafez imported from the same caravan, the one his simple, the other his gorgeous attire, will hardly suppose that the latter and *Propertius* had any point of union.

"Should the sweet gales, as o'er thy tomb they play,  
The fragrance of the nymph's loved tresses bring,  
Then, Hafez, shall new life inspire thy clay,  
And ceaseless notes of rapture shalt thou sing.



Daughter of Beauty, favorite of Nature!  
 Where she is beneficent thou art her handmaid,  
 Thy voice is transport, thy bosom peace.  
 \* Taper is the Palm, and stately—distinguished afar by his crown;  
 Thou turnest away; thou regardest and listenest not.  
 O Vine, unrivalled in praise, how affable have I beheld thee!  
 I have seen thee, in sympathy with thine admirers round,  
 Half inclined to wantonness, half to repose.  
 I have stroked the tender cheeks of thy infants,  
 \* Tinged sweetly with red, and reposing in down—  
 And thinkest thou I perceive not the slyness of thy tendrils,  
 With their flexible crooks and their sleek-sprouting horns?  
 Come, nestling thee yonder! raise prythee thy head from the path:  
 Ah, hope not, tripping me up, to inveigle me now, little minion!  
 Too soon may I blush with the warmth of thy blushes,  
 I may yield to thy blandishments too soon.

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Jam licet et Stygiâ sedeat sub arundine remex,

Cernat et infernæ tristia vela ratis:

*Si modo clamantis revocaverit aura puellæ*

*Concessum nullâ lege redibit iter.*

Proper. Eleg. 19. lib. 2.

Here the poet of Schiraz hath a manifest advantage, which is perhaps still greater in the original.

May I hazard an opinion that the French are judicious in translating foreign verse, for the most part, into prose. Almost every sentence in a regularly metrical translation must either be amplified or compressed; while prose, without tempting, or suffering, this licence, admits an unrestricted diversity of modulation, agreeable and consonant to the subject.

c "Taper is the palm &c." The poet extols the produce of the vine above the common beverage which is extracted from the palm.

d "Tinged sweetly with red &c." There is a certain sort of vine in our own country whose tender leaves correspond with this description.





# TO ILBRA.

## FROM THE PERSIAN.

\* ILBRA! Beauty's bondmen are stricken with <sup>f</sup> blue eyes:

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<sup>e</sup> When we consider with what capriciousness the French have treated greek and latin names, we must not be surprized at any thing they do in an enemy's country, as it were, and with languages so distantly related to their own. A gentleman who has made some progress in the oriental languages, informed me that, in his opinion, there was no such name as Ilbra. He mentioned *two* words, from *one* of which it probably was derived. The former alluded to the *Spring*, the latter to the *Sea*. The fondness of her parents, or of her lover, might conform her name, and compare her beauty, to the spring; or somewhere near the *sea* might be the habitation of her tribe. However, if the French translator had chosen to substitute *Iris*, the common though antiquated favorite of his countrymen, I should certainly have written *Iris* too, with the addition of a note like the present, to absolve me from inconsistency.

<sup>f</sup> "Stricken with *blue* eyes." On the contrary we are informed that the Persians are fondest of *black*; and poets, who love by prescription, celebrate no other. Had I ever been inclined to transgress the law which I rigorously laid down from the beginning, I might easily have contrived that *blue* and *black* should change places.

This is the only *amatory appeal* in our collection: it resembles none that I have ever read. I have not appeared an admirer of this species of persian poetry, at least of the specimens which I have seen elsewhere, yet I think their obscure combinations more tolerable than the wretched conceits of Petrarch and of Cowley: the former of whom there are more in this country that have *commended* than that have *read*. Six or seven of his sonnets, and amongst them the one to Liberty, noticed and approved by Mr. Roscoe, who forgets to observe that it is merely a translation from a little greek ode to Hygeia, are truly and exquisitely beautiful: yet these are excelled, in tenderness by Redi, and in spirit by Cassiani. I must remark on the "Rape of Proserpine," by the latter, that the abruptness of it's opening and the rapid seisure of the most choise expression, shew equally the genius of the poet, and the *strength* of the Italian language. In the fields of Enna, Claudian *wearies*, and Ovid *pleases*. The faults are equal. Cassianni surprizes and strikes. With Claudian at an immeasurable depth below him, he stands in opposition, and forms an astonishing contrast, to the factitious sublime of Tasso. How wretchedly inanimate is the conclusion of that celebrated and sonorous stanza,



Thine, when I first beheld thee, were black, O Ilbra.  
 I admired their silken lashes, like the cedars and cypresses  
 On the edge of those hills afar off there, white with snow.  
 The dimple of thy lips, <sup>ε</sup> half shaded by ever-blooming roses,  
 Open and distinct, shewed candor and hospitality.  
 I looked again on thy eyes, O Ilbra,  
<sup>εε</sup> Till mine became *dim*, and thine *blue*.

Chiama gli abitator'. in comparison with the close of this admirable sonnet.—It reminds one of Blackmore and Addison. By the spirit of Cassiani, the scene and characters are more distinct, and, if I may use the expression, are brought nearer to the eye, than we find them in any other works, excepting Livy and the “Book of Kings.” Even Atys yields.

<sup>ε</sup> I must make an apology for having, in more than one instance, rendered two or even three french words into one. It is among the many failings of that language to be incapable of admitting new compounds. On the contrary, the admission of them, if conducted with judgement, is one principal excellency of ours.

<sup>εε</sup> It is needless to enquire whether, in simple truth, the phenomenon here mentioned hath ever taken place; whether in gazing long on one object, the colors of that object may not appear to change, either by the creation of will, or the presentation of fancy, or the unnatural distention of the optic nerve. I believe it to be not unphilosophical, I feel it to be not unpoetical.



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# TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

CANDID with thy modesty, grateful with thy shyness,  
Sweet nightingale, soon may thy passion prosper.

I heard thee repeatedly call the Fairies,

And saw them array with pearls the eyelashes of Ilbra.

For she pitied thy plaint from the shadiness of our loves.

I said to Ilbra, "*these are my pearls;*"

She smiled, and showered them into my bosom.

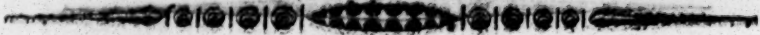
The dove was over her, the rainbow on her cheek.

The pearls of Ilbra are now *my* pearls.

Sweet nightingale, may also thy passion prosper.







# 'PRAISES OF ABU-SAID.

## FROM THE PERSIAN.

O DULCIMER, wake from thy sunshiney sleep,  
Arise and prepare for the battle.  
Far more compliant art thou, sweet seducer,  
<sup>i</sup> And livelier than the lonely-one in the <sup>k</sup> rosebrakes of the moon.  
O dulcimer, art thou not the breeze of Samarcand?  
Thou art pleasanter than sweet Samarcand in her vallies of jonquils.  
Thou inspirest fresh airiness through the dizzy dance;  
Thou sprinklest the arcade on the sultriest side;  
<sup>l</sup> Thou beckonest the rays that intrude, thou chidest and biddest them go.  
But behold! who descends from the mountains!  
Awake, golden-hair'd, from thy sunshiney sleep,  
Arise and prepare for the battle.

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<sup>h</sup> I have not received the slightest information concerning the author, or the authors, of these Persian poems. It is certain that the *two*, and probably that the *three*, preceeding ones, are the production of the same pen. Of the present, as of those, I am unable to fix the era. For, there were two Abu-said's illustrious in history: one is mentioned by Gibbon, the other by Tavernier.

<sup>i</sup> By the "lonely one" the nightingale is meant; whose song, however pleasing, is not so *lively* as the notes of the dulcimer, and is not *compliant* like an instrument.

<sup>k</sup> "The rosebrakes of the moon" must be interpreted—rosebrakes in the evening.

<sup>l</sup> "Thou beckonest the rays that intrude, &c."—a bold metaphor! It expresses the power of music to assuage the sensations of heat.

His elephant moves the earth with his horn,  
 Abu-Said turns the horn of his elephant.  
 He hath indeed two horns, elephant as he is of Abu-Said:  
 Famine breathes forth from one, in the dogdays of war,  
 The other holds manna for the friends of Abu.  
 The beloved of Abu reel with it's fragrance.  
 Arise then, arise; but with reverence!  
 Through the dust of the valley I discover our lord;  
 I distinguish the trappings, green like the ocean  
 When the tempest hangs over the gulph of Hormuz.

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<sup>m</sup> In all probability through my ignorance of the idiom, or perhaps of the warlike accoutrements, I know not, and cannot find out, what is meant by the *horns* of the elephant. It is still more extraordinary that *manna* should make people *reel*.

We now take leave of the persian, and shall notice the arabic, poems. All of them, excepting the last, were written by the son of the unfortunate Sheik Daher, The only surviving son of this great and generous man was saved by the veneration entertained for his talents in every tent of Arabia. His father was assassinated by Jazar Pacha, the Suwarrow of the East. Should the poet still be living, may he witness the overthrow of the power that oppressed him, and be recompensed for his misfortunes by the freedom of his country.





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# THE SON OF SHEIK DAHER,

*On leaving Syria after the murder of his father.*

O GOD! how painful are the chains that oppress the flying exile.  
Son of Daher, thou lookest from thy mule on the running ground,  
Thou beholdest thy feet, and they are veined with tears.  
*Can* they carry thee from thy Country, *will* they carry thee to thy father?  
One step will restore thee to his lost embraces!  
Slave! dastard! infidel! thou art pardoned, thou art pitied.  
How cursed is the bondage that withholds thee from revenge.  
My sword is not impotent, like the sword of the poet <sup>n</sup> Pharesdak;  
No rust can discolor it's blade, no scabbard can hide it's refulgence.  
It shall wound when my arm is withered, when my fingers are whitened in the  
I have another which will serve me with the same fidelity [sand.  
As the jewelled slave of <sup>o</sup> Cambyes served his master.  
The enemy has sheathed it against himself for ever,  
But there remains the piercer of <sup>p</sup> hearts, whose realm is beyond the grave.  
Receive it, my daughter and my mother!  
Receive it, Vengeance and Eternity. <sup>q</sup>

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<sup>n</sup> Pharesdak has been dead many centuries, but his cowardice will never be forgotten by the war-like wits of Arabia.

<sup>o</sup> The death of Cambyes is famous in classical story; and may be written, or be traditionary, in the countries where it happened.

<sup>p</sup> "The piercer of hearts" is what the reader has now in his hand.

<sup>q</sup> The son of Sheik Daher calls Vengeance and Eternity his daughter and mother; and he is led by the habits and customs of his country to cherish them with the same affection. This at least is *my* interpretation. Laying aside his metaphorical stile, he perhaps may appeal in person to his last relations. I shall not presume to decide.

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## AGAINST JEZZAR.

IN the <sup>r</sup> Egyptian well of thy folly, O Slavonian,  
Thou hast shewn me unguardedly the direct ray of wisdom.  
I never received it from my father, whom thou murderedst,  
Nor delivered in the proverbs of any more antient sage,  
That the pillars which point to hatred point also to contempt.  
When thy slaves would flatter thee, thou art deceived, not flattered;  
Their songs admire thee, and people admire their songs,  
But thou art as far as ever from admiration.  
'Tis the flowers they wear in their bosom that breathe so sweetly,  
'Tis not the heart within; the careless heart lies sleeping,  
A hollow melon on a sunny bank:  
<sup>s</sup> By the prophet, or rather—the peacock of idolatry—  
The head of the peacock is the head of the serpent,  
And the finest of his feathers are trailed in ordure.

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<sup>r</sup> The poet alludes to the solstitial well at Syené.

<sup>s</sup> The peacock is held sacred by the people of Hindustan. Its head resembles the serpent's in form, but I doubt whether any of the serpents in Arabia so nearly approach it in *color* as our snake.





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## ON THE AFFLICTION OF HIS WIFE.

'MISFORTUNE! thou demon of a thousand forms!

What star in the firmament shall bruise thy head,

What amulet avert, what prayer disarm, thy sting?

A fountain of bitter tears is my beloved.

Her father is slain by the robbers of the desert.

\* The column is shivered that sustained my cottage,

And pointed out the hours with pleasant shade.

I prayed to the Almighty; I whirled myself round in phrenzy;

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\* How different this from the preceding! Without that unity of design which concentrates the whole attention, it produces an instantaneous and irresistible effect. The language of passion is the language of poetry: it disdains comparisons; it seizes combinations. A thousand images start up: the boldest and most prominent are fixt for ever. The enchantment that chains down these, makes all the others vanish. In vigorous and ardent minds, the earliest effect of misfortune is a certain *anger of grief*. Men, like the animals of the forest, *first* seize the weapons that wound them, *then* the assailants and attendants. So with the son of Daher: misfortune raises his fury to a vast and dreadful sublimity—he reviews with agitation the cause of that misfortune, but traces with greater calmness its effect.

▼ “What star in the firmament &c.”

It is a prevalent opinion among the Persians and Arabians, that those appearances called *falling stars* are really stars in conflict with demons. They also carry amulets, and say certain prayers to protect themselves against the scorpion.

\* “The column is shivered that sustained my cottage,”

This passage will be elucidated by Volney's description of Palmyra. The huts of the Arabs are sheltered and supported by the remains of antiquity, in the middle and on the borders of the desert.



I staggered; passion fixed me; I strained my throat back to <sup>w</sup> the noon:  
 My swollen tongue was rougher than the tiger's;  
 The bowers of mine eyes are withered still.  
 I wept!—O boundless deluge of divine devotion,  
 That dashes, but supports, my solitary ark!  
 I wept, and she listened not; I paused, and she spake not;  
 I heightened, with fast-falling tears, the bright-flowing veins of her feet;  
 I spanned, as it rose from the cushion, her neck's pale crescent,  
 And fastened it to mine with the enchanting rings of her hair.  
 Thy father is slain by the robbers of the desert,  
 The blow hath recoiled on thy bosom, my beloved!  
 They have wounded thee, O flower, and broken the spell of thy sweetness.  
 If you bruize the anemone, where is it's fragrance,  
 And where, if you bruize it, the rose?  
 Son of Daher! thou wilt sink also!—there is not a breeze in the waste.  
 Thy vallies are pointed flints and heated rocks,  
 The waters thy portion are salt and bitter—  
 Those vallies of airiness! those living waters!  
 \* No hawthorn shades thee, no tamarisk feeds thy camel;  
 The tamarisk eaten to it's heart, the hawthorn stifled with dust.

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<sup>w</sup> "The noon" signifies the noon-day sun.

\* These ideas are purely metaphorical: but I must here express a doubt, whether I should not have simply written *thorn*. The original word might signify the acacia, which is common in many parts of the desert; but it must not be forgotten, that a traveller, who passed, if I remember, from Coseir to Jena, mentions the hawthorn as the most common shrub.

*Eyles Irwin's route.*



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## ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

**H**ER voice was sweeter than the sound of waters!

Than waters afar from cataracts

Sweeter was the voice of my beloved.

The storm descends, and the tent flutters,

<sup>y</sup> The tent so dark by day, so musical by star-light,

The tent where my bosom hath ever found repose.

<sup>z</sup> Bed of bright yellow, had I left thee at Damascus

Thou needest not have adopted cares and disquiet,

Surrounded with dreams of gain and vows of suspended silk.

Dyed in the gall of serpents, in the wine of unbelievers,

Thou writhest with pain or creakest with restlessness,

<sup>aa</sup> More tiresome than birds, more incessant than jackalls.

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<sup>y</sup> The exclusion of day-light, in Arabia, is, in some degree, the exclusion of heat. The old, the wealthy, and the women, are, for the most part, inactive by day, as we may naturally suppose from the intensity of the climate; but they amuse themselves in the evening with songs and music.

<sup>z</sup> "Bed of bright yellow, &c." I am more pleased with this stanza, which will be despised by the generality of readers, perhaps by the generality of critics, than with any other in the poem. Had the bed of *bright yellow* still belonged to the mercantile citizen of Damascus, it would have *witnessed*, if a note may be poetical, vows of silk, to be suspended in the mosch, if his prayers for gain were granted.

<sup>aa</sup> "More tiresome than birds." It must be observed, that the birds which pass over, and the few which inhabit, the desert, are all of them destitute of song. The borders of the Red Sea abound with water-fowl; which, of every description, are unpleasant in their note. The jackals make an incessant cry by night.

Fed on the milky neck of my beloved,  
And dizzy with the fragrance of her flowering lips,  
I beheld, and I resembled, the light impassive sky.

Was it thou, unfortunate? was thine this happiness?  
O hug not the remembrance, O beat it from thy bosom,  
It may be thy enemy's, it is no longer thine.

God is great! repine not, O child and mourner of dust!  
The Prophet, who could summon the future to his presence,  
Could the Prophet himself make the past return?





## ADDRESSED TO RAHDI.

<sup>bb</sup> O RAHDI, where is happiness?

Look from your arcade, the sun rises from Busrah;

Go thither, it rises from Ispahan.

Alas, it rises neither from Ispahan nor Busrah,

But from an ocean impenetrable to the diver.

O Rahdi, the sun is happiness!

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<sup>bb</sup> Perhaps this Rahdi might be some private friend, but he possibly may be a more known and exalted character. There was a Rahdi, the twentieth of the Abassides, and the twenty-ninth of the successors of Mahomet. "Hic est ultimus Chaliphah qui multum atque sæpius pro concione peroravit — — Fuit etiam ultimus qui otium cum eruditis et facietis hominibus fallere hilariterque agere soleret." Abulfeda. Reiske. Gibbon. The conclusion of this extract countenances the latter of my suppositions.

This poem resembles not those ridiculous quibbles which the English in particular call Epigrams, but rather, abating some little for *orientalism*, those exquisite *eidyllia*, those carvings as it were in ivory or on gems, which are modestly called Epigrams by the Greeks.





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## EXTRACT FROM THE FRENCH PREFACE.

WHOLE volumes of poems like the present, or even of poems which may far surpass them, will sink into mere insignificance, if compared with those vast intellectual treasures which will flow into Europe from the conquests of the French. \* No nation pursues with an equal alacrity the arts which embellish life. In the midst of a foreign, roused and resuscitated at the unextinguished beacons of a civil war, while calamity constantly kept pace, and sometimes struggled with, glory, her general meditated, and at once accomplished, the eternal deliverance of Egypt. Men of learning and men of science were the proper companions of Buonaparte. They are engaged at this moment in presenting to Europe the fruits of their several discoveries. || Conquerors like him, posterity will

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\* The French have been particularly careful in preserving and examining the monuments of antiquity. The English are endued with, and profess, a different taste. One Eyles Irwin, *Esq.* mentions with pleasure some sailors who fastened the cord of a *kite* to the capital of *Pompey's* pillar. One of them ascended; and, fixing a shroud, was joined by his companions. But the merit of the action consisted principally in breaking off a *volute*: and this *enlightened traveller* informs us, that he and his companions "provided themselves with a relique of this shrine." It appears that what bigotry and barbarism have spared through indifference, is left to the mischievous fingers of childish curiosity.

|| He may equally despise the gregarious gabble of a lame obsequious parliament, and the strained declamation poured forth on the theatre by the swindling son of a disbanded player. Kotzebue has lately been mentioned as about to reside in this country. I hardly can credit the report. Is it probable that he will leave a nation in which there are minds congenial with his own? That he will leave it for England in the present reign? What sacrifices must he make, what insults must he endure! His labors, which tend to enlighten, perverted to delude, the multitude; and men who have ever been stigmatized by infamy, receiving the rewards of his talents and his virtues! He will expose himself to troublesome nugatory questions, repeated a thousand times to him, and repeated a thousand times before, to tumblers and jugglers, to bedchamber-lords and bishops. He will be bargained with for praise; he will be daily caressed, and hourly insulted; he will be knighted, and he will be starved.



declare it, have never been the enemies of the human race. The slaughter of thousands, the slaughter of one, is horrible; but it is not the commander whose penetrating eye, whose animating genius, and unwearied energy, pierce and confound at once the body of united nations,—it is the bestial stupidity of those, who, unfortunately for kingdoms, are exalted *above their minds*, and cannot distinguish, from their ridiculous elevation, *a battle from a review*—that should be dreaded, that should be execrated, that should be extirpated. The nations of Europe have been wretched; but in Pilnitz, not in Paris, must we search for the authors of their wretchedness. Those who appear most eminent, most active in this “*sea of trouble*,” stemming it’s current and repelling it’s violence, are beheld by the eyes of the vulgar as the demons of it’s hidden source.

Fatally, but naturally, illuded!—since glory attains it’s utmost altitude in the periods of calamity and confusion: as voyagers observe of the zodiacal light, it’s basis invariably are clouds. But all the calamity, all the confusion, which surrounded the illustrious Buonaparte, was hurled with irresistible and destructive force on the enemies of the French Republic; which, like the mathematical compass, directed by so firm so temperate a hand, extended the further the more heavily it was pressed. In Egypt, the department most immediately under consideration, the prejudices of the people he turned to their advantage, and rendered their weakness their strength. The army which he left in Italy had nothing to contend with, now, but luxury and leisure. Those who succeeded him should have seized or sought occasion to prevent and disarm the perfidy of kings. The soldiers were daily more dissolute; their enemies more centred, more guarded. The former were of opinion that, whatever might happen, they could at any time retrace their conquests. The road, once trodden, was no longer doubtful; nor could enemies, suing at their feet for mercy, occasion them

fresh alarm. But it is easier to march from Cannæ to Capua, than from Capua to Cannæ. May the army of Egypt never be paralyzed by sloth and inactivity! Plays, songs, dances, all the amusements of the mind, are the just rewards of their sacrifices and their toils. May the general remember, in the plenitude of his power, that many have been the masters, few the deliverers of men. Who would be an imitator when he possibly might fail, instead of an original when he surely must succeed? Who would be a Cæsar that could be a Buonaparte? The republic never can suspect, that the conqueror of kings will reduce himself to their level: she relies on *his* magnanimity and does not distrust *her own*. Confident of her safety in the midst of tumult, she can review the past and survey the present with an equal serenity of mind; and neither the patriot nor the philosopher will accuse her of levity in attending the discoveries we announce.

Erratum.—p. 11 l. 6 for *I wept* read *I spake*



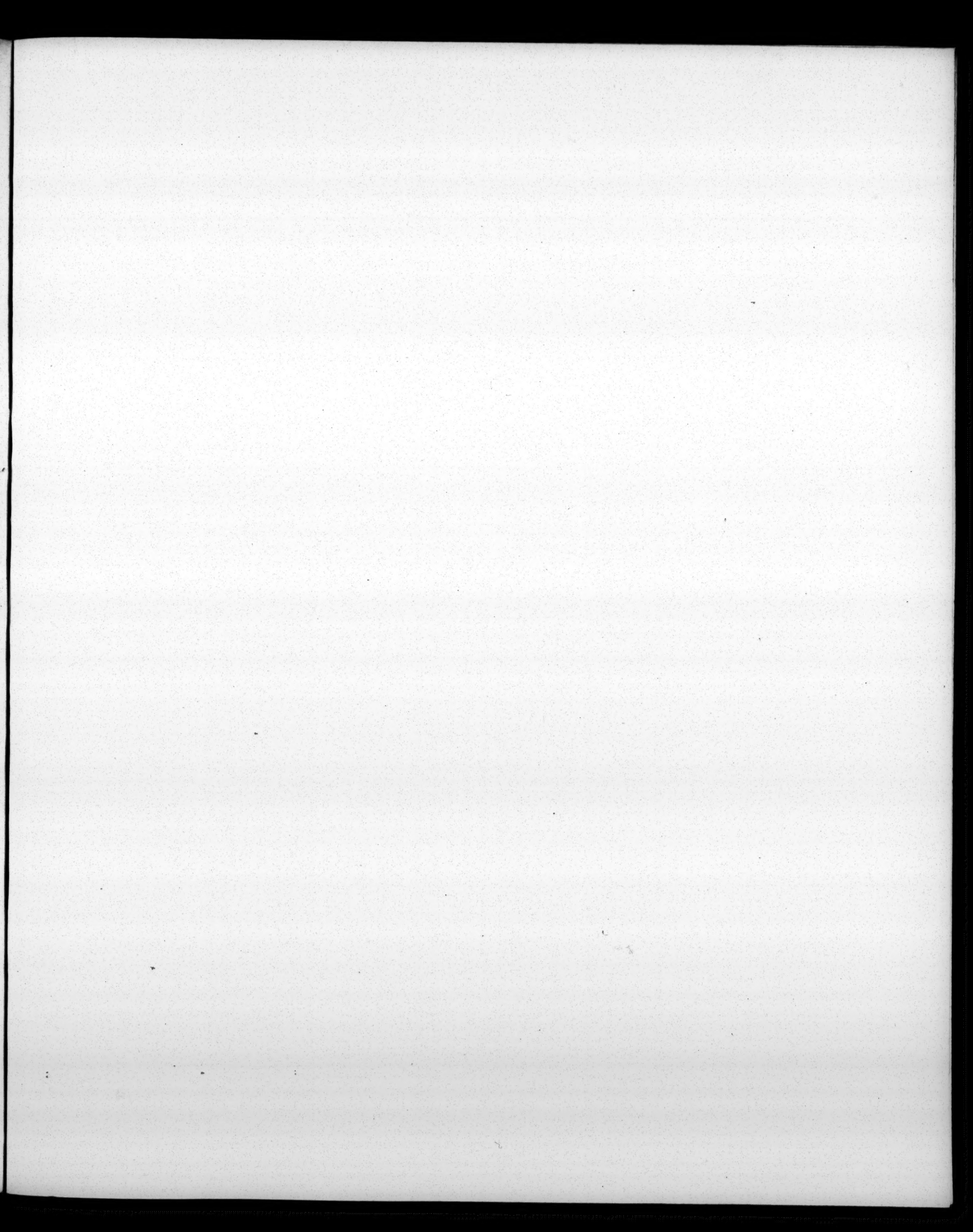


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in the plenitude of his power, that many have been the masters, few the  
deliverers of men. Who would be an imitator when he possibly might  
fail instead of an original when he surely must succeed? Who would be  
a Caesar that could be a Buonaparte? The republic never can succeed  
that the conductor of kings will let M<sup>r</sup> Bismarck to their level: she relies on  
Almagnaninity and does not distrust her own. Confident of her safety in  
the midst of tumult, she can review the past and survey the present with  
an equal serenity of mind; and neither the patriot nor the philosopher will  
accuse her of levity in attending the discoveries we announce.

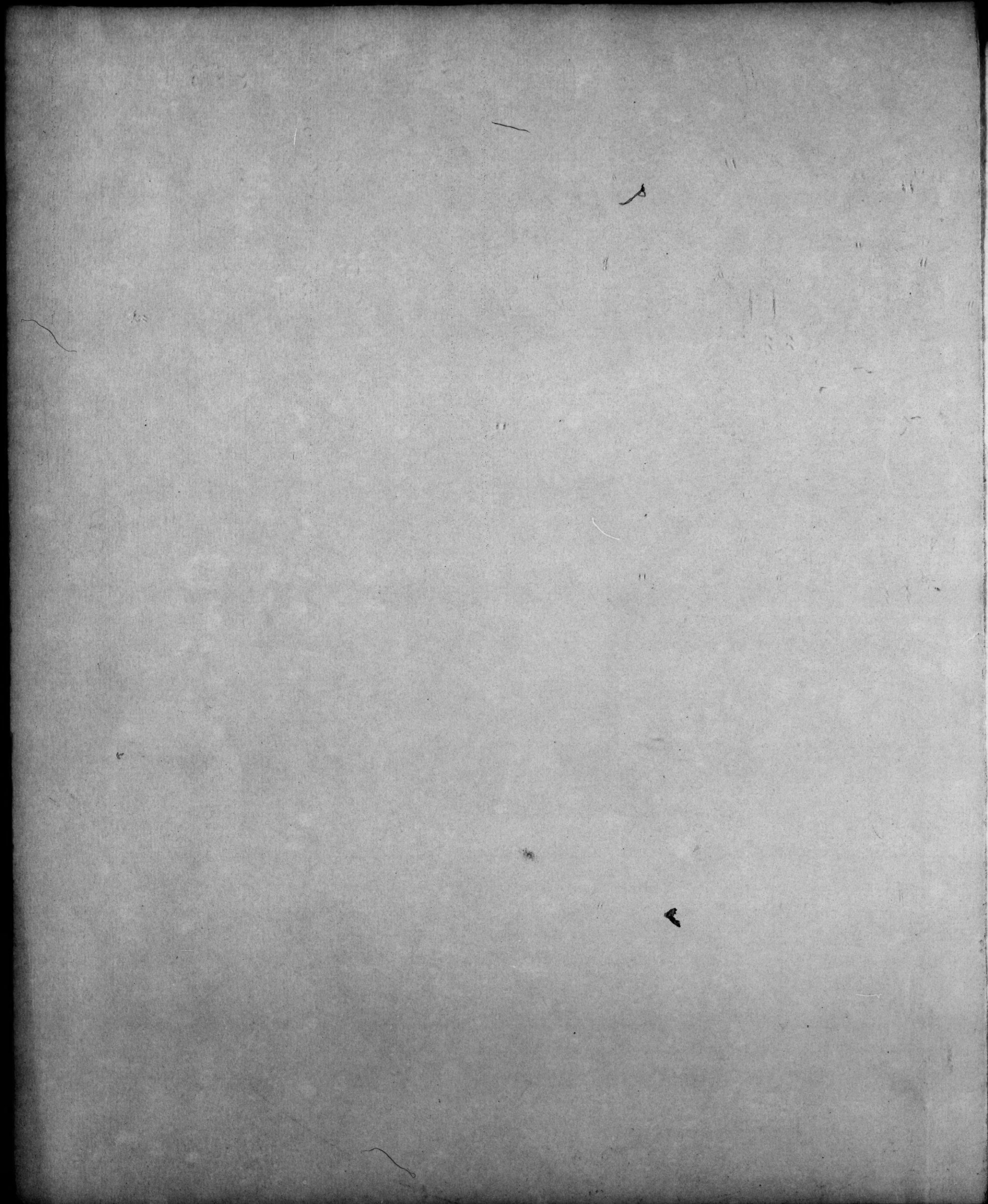
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